

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

April 1930

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PRAISE!

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

APRIL, 1930

No. 4

The Cross

Lord of all fair Creation,
Of mountain, dale and pine—
The sweetness of its beauty,
And all its wealth is Thine!

Thine are the gold and jewels,
With gems beyond compare.
Thy gentle Hand hath made them;
Whose glory none may share.

When Thou didst come among us,
What didst Thou call Thine own?
Of earthly joys Thou wouldst not,
Save but a Cross alone.

A Cross, with all its anguish,
Was fairest to Thine Eye—
That it might raise Thee upward,
On those rough arms to die!

Lord of all fair Creation;
Of mountain, dale and pine;
Grant me the grace to cherish
My cross as Thou didst Thine!

Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION"

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Mr. and Mrs. Woerdom were gone, and the Monogues settled down comfortably to perform the usual post mortem on departed guests.

"Horace Woerdom is forging ahead," Mike Monogue said. "If his luck holds a few more years, he'll be on easy street."

"Some people's luck is in the back of their heads," Uncle Dan corrected.

"That's a fact, he is a keen business man," Monogue admitted, "a gentleman, too. I never knew till today that he was bigoted against Catholics."

"Not half as bad as the wife, though," Mrs. Monogue said.

"That old cat is as scratchy as an up-the-crick Baptist. She'd be thrilled to death watching Catholics sizzling on a gridiron." Monica said this with as much vim as if she believed it.

"Monica, Monica," the mother chided, "don't speak that way about your neighbors. You should pity rather than blame her; the poor thing does not know any better."

"Well, she ought to know better, mamma. She passes as an educated woman. She has lived all her life among Catholics. She has no reason for not knowing the truth about the Catholic Church except her own blind bigotry."

"Talk to that one, Father Tim. Don't you hear the way she is going on?"

"Father knows I'm right, don't you, Father?"

"You are never right, my child, in usurping the office of judge of consciences. Her acts are wrong, but for all we know, she may be in good faith."

"Well, I simply cannot see how she can be in good faith holding such shameful opinions about Catholics when she has every reason to know better."

"Neither can I, Monica, for that matter. Still it is possible; therefore we must in charity give her the benefit of the doubt."

"Do we have to stretch charity that far? When they hate our Church and lie about our priests and malign our nuns, must we go on kidding ourselves with the belief that they are treating us perfectly lovely? That's beyond me."

"So long as we are not bound by our office to judge consciences," Father Casey replied, "we must abstain from judging that they are acting in bad faith, unless it is so clear as to leave no room for doubt. If, however, their external actions infringe upon our rights as citizens and Catholics, we can use all the energy in our power to defend these rights."

"'Tis I'm thinkin' ye'll have occasion enough to defend thim same rights before long. Mike an' the family here imagines their Prodestan' friends ar-re full up of the milk of human kindness. Thinks I, 'twill do no har-rum to dhraw these visitors out a bit an' make thim show their thrue colors."

"Oh, Uncle Dan, so that is the reason you kept coming back to Al Smith. I felt like biting your head off for harping on such a discordant note."

"I'll own I was surprised," Monogue admitted. "I had always considered the Woerdoms tolerant and fair-minded."

"She is the intolerant one," Mrs. Monogue declared. "He gave in gracefully as soon as he heard your clear arguments, Father."

"Do you know how much influence my 'clear arguments' will have on his conduct?"

"As much influence as a snowball in—in—the gashouse furnace," Uncle Dan supplied.

"Why are you two so hard on him and so indifferent about her?" Mary Rose inquired.

"Because he is the much more dangerous of the two," Father Casey explained. "She is the type that can be used in a movement against the Church; he is the type that will plan and direct the movement. Her religion is false and fanatical, but at least it is religion. She believes in Almighty God and in His Divine Son Our Lord. She has a distorted idea of the Catholic Church. She will carry on a frenzied fight, not against the doctrines of the Church, but against what she mistakenly calls the doctrines of the Church. Her husband, on the contrary, has no religion. His creed is naturalism, which is diamet-

rically opposed to the true God and to Our Saviour Jesus Christ. He knows the Catholic Church and opposes her for what she really is—the one power in the world capable of defending supernatural belief against naturalism.”

“What is there about Mr. Woerdom to make you think he is such a determined enemy of the Catholic Church?”

Before the priest could speak, Uncle Dan had answered the question. “What is there about him? sez you. His joolry, begor.”

“His jewelry?” Mrs. Monogue was puzzled. “Oh, you mean that Masonic emblem on his coat lapel. Listen, Uncle Dan, we don’t get such a scare at the sight of a Mason as when we were children. The old folk certainly painted them black. You know, I used to bless myself whenever I met a Mason on the road.”

“Ye made no mistake—nor in sousin’ him with holy water ayther. They’re a bad lot, so they ar-re; an’ the Church knows it to her sorrow.”

“Uncle Dan, that is just your inherited prejudice against the Masons.”

“Molly, I mind the time I was free from inherited prejudice as yourself. I have seen a power of peoples and lands since then. Keepin’ me weather eye open as I rambled along, I observed everywhere the Masons fightin’ tooth an’ nail agin the Church.”

“That may be true of the Masons in some parts of Europe or in Mexico and South America, but not here in the United States.”

“Masons are Masons wherever you find them, an’ they’re all tarred with the same stick.”

Here Monogue himself broke into the discussion. “Father Tim,” he said, “surely you do not hold with Uncle Dan on that point.”

“I hold,” the priest replied, “with Our Divine Saviour. He said the world would always hate and persecute His Church. Masonry is the incarnation of the spirit of the world, therefore we should not be surprised to find it doing what Uncle Dan says; in fact, we should expect it to do that very thing.”

“Now, Father Tim,” Monogue persisted, “let us be fair and give even the devil his due. There is Horace Woerdom. He is a Mason, and a high-up one, too. True, he voted against Al Smith; but he did so for, what he thought, valid reasons. But I doubt if you could find

in his whole life a single act of hatred for the Catholic Church. He gives his trade to Catholics; he uses his influence to help Catholics; he contributes generously to Catholic charities. I simply cannot conceive of him as deliberately hating the Church of Christ."

"Mike, you will find comparatively few Masons, even in Mexico, who deliberately hate the Church of Christ. If Masonry were such a crude thing it would not have so many respectable followers. Even while the Masons in France, Italy, Portugal, were making the insidious laws that almost proved a death blow to the Church in those countries, these Masons were, for the most part, kind, sympathetic men, good husbands and fathers, loyal friends. It is not individual meanness that makes Masons such dangerous enemies of the Church, it is their anti-divine principle—the principle that puts man in the place of God—the principle that natural well-being, natural perfection, is the supreme end and aim. You cannot conceive of Horace Woerdorn deliberately hating the Church of Christ. But you can conceive of him deliberately wishing to make the citizens of the United States a perfect people, united in mind and heart, in aspiration and ideals. You can conceive of that, can you not?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"And since, to him, supernatural religion is a fairy tale, he can see no reason for fostering it, but rather the contrary, hence he could easily embrace the opinion that Catholic schools are an obstacle to unity of ideals and aspirations among our people. Therefore he could proceed to work enthusiastically for the suppression of the Catholic schools, without losing his regard for individual Catholics.

"Or again," the priest continued, "you could conceive of him wishing to see the American mind unhampered, free from all error, free to soar to the highest heights of natural knowledge."

"Yes, that would be quite in accordance with his views."

"In pursuance of this wish, it would be easy for him to arrive at the conclusion to force the nuns to leave the cloister and the clerics to leave the seminary in order to attend infidel lectures in public institutions and thus gain freedom of thought. It would be easy for him to sponsor confiscation of property that was serving the useless purpose of supernatural religion, in order to give it to the poor. It would be easy for him, on his purely natural principles, to see good reasons for

limiting the number of priests and churches, for forbidding the celibacy of the clergy, for outlawing administration of sacraments to the sick and dying, and for many other laws destructive of Christian rights."

"Catholic would never submit to such laws."

"I am not discussing what Catholics would do, but what kindly, intelligent pagans like Horace Woerdorn would do. Having worked to make these laws, he would naturally work to put teeth in them so that they would be observed. Fines, imprisonment, confiscation would be the order of the day. He would thus become a relentless persecutor of the Church—without, however, losing his esteem for you and me and other individual Catholics. If we should lose our property or go to jail, he would think us so unreasonable for resisting laws framed for the welfare of mankind. At the same time he would calmly admit that some such regrettable incidents are inseparable from any forward-looking movement for the emancipation of the human mind."

"But, Father, they will never make these laws."

"They have made them in other countries and used them in a bitter and disastrous persecution of the Church."

"America is different from those countries."

"In some ways, yes. The difference, however, is not all in our favor. Bitter, anti-Catholic feeling is more widespread in America than it is in those countries. Catholics are in a smaller minority than they are in those countries. You think there is no danger in this country. That thought is our greatest danger. That is just what they were thinking in those other countries. They were not organized; they were not united; they were not alert; they were not keenly interested in all that pertained to their faith and to their country. They were caught off guard. A small but highly organized group, Masons or men actuated by Masonic principles, seized upon the propitious moment. They passed laws hindering, cramping, strangling the supernatural activity of the Church. These laws, in the different countries, were many and varied, but always there were three favorites: laws suppressing Catholic schools, laws expelling religious orders, laws hindering the appointment of apostolic men as bishops and pastors. With these three laws the children were deprived of a Catholic education and the people of zealous spiritual leadership, and in a generation or two the faith of the nation would weaken and die."

"We'll fight them," cried warlike Monica. "We'll despise their unjust laws. They can't get jails enough to hold twenty million Catholics."

"My lady, the Catholics who are indifferent and worldly, too selfish and lazy to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of Church or State, will not have the backbone to go to jail for their principles. They will weaken, compromise, apostatize. Besides, that is locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. Now is the time for action. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. If we relax our vigilance, our liberty of conscience will be snatched away. And we are relaxing our vigilance. We are drowsing lazily in false security. We are growing smug and self-satisfied. We are forgetting our divine heritage and hankering after money and pleasure. We are becoming worldly-minded. We are hoping for a modern discovery which will harmonize the service of God and Mammon. This is the exact road which, in dozens of other nations, has led to persecution and widespread apostasy. It will infallibly do the same here. Some morning we shall awake to find our most sacred rights of conscience throttled by Masonic laws. Then we shall begin to whimper about the unfairness of our neighbors and fellow citizens, while we should have been manfully safeguarding the liberty of conscience which this free country gave us."

"But, Father, what should we do?"

"Do? Do what any sensible man would do who possesses something worth having. Take care of it. Be real Catholics. Know the faith; live the faith; explain the faith; work for the faith. Be real citizens. Take an intelligent interest in candidates and elections, in economic movements (wages, working conditions, housing), in social movements, in moral movements, in educational movements. If religious liberty is worth having, it is worth taking care of. Don't wait until St. Mary's School, which you built at such sacrifices, is confiscated by a Masonic government and your children forced to listen to infidel teachers ridiculing the Mass and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Don't wait until the Monastery of Perpetual Adoration is turned into a state institution of agricultural research to experiment in hog breeding and the mixing of fertilizer. Don't wait until federal agents drive the nuns out into the streets and padlock the convents. Be up and doing. Sleep is pleasant, but bitter the awakening."

Houses

THE HOUSE OF MEMORY

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

It is night. I am sitting alone before the fire and the silence is solemn around me. Only the crackling of an ember breaks it now and then—or the stroke of the quarter-hour on the clock upon the wall. The darkness and the cold are pressing against the windowpanes—but they are held at bay by the glow of my shaded lamp and the warmth that arises from the fire on the hearth. So I sit and dream—alone.

People call my house the lonely house—and they speak of me as the poor old man who lives alone. There is pity in their voices when they talk to me; pity in their eyes when they look upon my whitened hairs. They know not how little I need their pity; how happy is my heart and how bright my hopes as I stand now with my life drawing to a close and my hours numbered. They think me lonely! Little do they know how few of my hours are spent alone! Even the silence speaks to me, though its voices are the voices of the past; even the emptiness of my home is filled with figures—beloved figures—though they are made real to me only by the power of my memory. Tonight I will sit and hear their voices; tonight I will look upon them all again—who came into my life—who cheered it for a while—and left me—an old white-haired man who lives alone.

* * *

There was a day—it is now many, many years ago—when this house was bright and new. On a June day I first beheld it—and there was one beside me as we looked it over who was dearer to me than all the world. We saw the bright little flowers—climbing roses, I believe they were—making a bower of the little porch before it. We saw the large gay rooms—and the sparkling fixtures and the cosy nooks that hid around in the corners and out-of-the-way places of the house; we went out into the back and saw the large space where children might laugh and romp and play; and the little plots where our own flowers might be made to grow. We saw it all—and then and there decided it was the place that we would make our home.

I remember the day we were married—and the day we came here to change this house into a home. Mary stood there in the center of the room—and I can still see the tears in her eyes—tears of joy they were—as she said to me: “Are you happy, Joe? Are we going to be happy?” I remember, too, how the sun was shining through this window here that the darkness is trying to pierce now—how I saw its reflection on the floor before me and the little dust flecks climbing through it toward the window—and I answered that I knew we were going to be happy. God only knows how complete was the fulfillment of my words.

One of the first things we did was to make the little altar that still stands in the corner of my bedroom. It was the happiest moment, I think, of all the happy moments in Mary’s life. I made the table and the little steps behind it for the flowers, and the throne for the statue of the Blessed Mother—and I made believe I was the carpenter St. Joseph, doing things for another Mary and her Son at Nazareth. And my Mary put the snow-white linen on our altar and adorned it with vases and flowers and candles—and then we solemnly placed the God-Mother’s statue upon the throne. And after it was all finished Mary made me get down on my knees with her and together we dedicated our home to the Holy Family and gave them the entire charge and direction of it all. I suppose I did not realize it then, but I know now that that dedication and its fruit kept the sunshine in our home.

* * *

Then the children came—first Joe who grew up, they say, to look like me (perhaps he did it on purpose, after Mary insisted on calling him after me) and John—who was so tiny and small until he was almost twenty, and then grew larger than Joe himself. The old home was different after the boys came; it was so much more filled with activity; always something doing or something to be done. And when I’d come home from work Mary would quickly give me charge of the babies and rush off to finish some washing or ironing or sewing or cooking or what-not that she had been trying to do all day. At first I was rather clumsy with the kiddies—just sat near the cradle or with them on the floor and didn’t know what to do. But pretty soon I began to learn—and once I got on to it—I had hilarious times with Johnnie and Joe. I used to bounce them up and down on my knee,

until they'd be laughing all over, and I even learned to throw them up toward the ceiling and catch them as they came down. That was till Mary caught me doing it one day and almost lost her breath from fright. When she got it back, she told me what she thought of my gymnastics.

After Johnnie and Joe, we wanted a little girl, and God answered our prayers, but I guess He thought we'd be too happy, or that we needed a little something to show us we were still on earth; anyway He didn't let us have our little girl very long. She came to us one morning when the first sunshine was streaming down, and she left us again—after the priest had made an angel of her by Baptism—just as the twilight began darkening the rooms of the house a week later. And all that night I walked up and down the house trying to see why it had to happen so—trying not to accuse God of cruelty—trying not to feel the terrible ache in my heart. I wasn't succeeding very well, because every time I'd get calm I'd have to go and look at the face of little Mary (she was "Mary" from the very start) and then I wouldn't be able to think straight for a while again. It was only when I went and knelt by Mary's bed and talked to her that things became clear again. She was crying a little, too, but they were the kind of tears that seem to light up a person's face as though they were not all sorrow, but have a mixture of joy in them. Mary just put her hand in mine and said:

"Do you remember, Joe, what the priest told us on the day we were married? He said our task was to take the souls of the little ones God sent us and get them ready for heaven. And today we've sent our first gift to God in heaven. We have an angel there now, and she's going to wait for us, and perhaps help us do the rest of our work well so that we'll all be with her again some day." We cried together a while, but after that it was easier for me to look on the face of our child who had so quickly become an angel.

* * *

So the years went by, and Johnnie and Joe received their First Communion. I saw Mary cry that day—saw her cry for the first time since our girl had been taken away. I couldn't quite figure it out. It was in Church, and I was kneeling beside her watching all the little white figures going up through the Communion railing, right up to

the altar to receive the Lord. If there are ever angels on earth, there were that day, I think, and my heart was rather swelled with a great pride to see my two boys marching up there among them. All at once I looked over at Mary to see if she was feeling as happy and wonderful as I was, and there she was looking straight ahead at the altar—but the tears were streaming down her cheeks. Mary didn't see me look at her, so I turned away quickly, wondering. Then I remembered. The same look was on Mary's face that I saw there the night those years before when I came to her with my heart almost breaking over the death of our little girl. That look of joy and sorrow mingled—with the tears somehow reminding me of the raindrops on the flowers and bushes when the sun just begins to appear through the misty sky and brightens them up a bit.

Afterwards Mary told me of her own accord why she had been crying. "Do you know, Joe," she said, "I couldn't help thinking as I saw the boys—so innocent and pure and worthy this morning—receiving God for the first time, I couldn't help thinking and wondering about all the long future that's before them. Will they always be as they were this morning? God knows that is the only wish I have on earth; that they will never be less pure and worthy than God found them when He visited them today for the first time! So I prayed, Joe, I prayed with all my heart—that was so happy and sad at the same time—that both our boys would be called by God to be priests."

Mary looked at me over her shoulder as she almost whispered that last part to me, to see how I would take it. Well, I hadn't just thought of it like that before. I rather had had visions of Johnnie and Joe being with me for a long, long time, and of being able to walk down the street with them some day when I was old like I am now—and they were grown up to be good men, and hearing people say, "There's old Joe and his two boys!" I used to think quite a lot about the grandchildren I might have some day, and how I might get another chance to bounce a baby on my knee, and perhaps when nobody was looking, to toss it up in the air. So Mary's words—well, they just staggered me a little. But thank God, I didn't let on to Mary, and all of a sudden I remembered that Mary always knew what was best—that if it weren't for her I wouldn't amount to anything, so I just said, as off-

hand as I could make it: "Good idea, Mary. I'll pray for that, too." So we left the matter there for a long time.

* * *

And now another memory comes to me—or rather only comes uppermost in my mind—for it is always there, a memory that drives from my view all the happy days and tranquil years that passed over this house that was our home. Like the flame in the fire, it burns brightly, though it seldom speaks; like the flame licking up around the wood, it will never die till this aging heart of mine is turned to ashes, and the memory itself is changed to vision and reality once more. It is the memory of how I came to be alone!

Strange, it seemed to me at first, that God saw fit that Mary should be taken, and I should be left; that she who saved my life from a futile and useless wandering to a happy one—I hope of some utility—who was like a prop or a guide to me—should be called away first, and I should be left to stand, and then go on alone! God always knows best, and I think I see it now—it was just to let me use the strength that I had gained to prove it for a little while by myself that I was left to carry on alone.

A darkened room, heavy with the smell of medicine. A sickening stillness in which the beating of my heart is like the pounding of the waves that strive to escape their shores. A glance into eyes that are growing dimmer, and the pressing of a hand that is worn and frail and deep-lined by toil and labor in a lifetime of love and service. And tears, blinding my eyes that were trying to hold her who lay dying before me in every thirsting glance—blotting my cheeks that I would have forced to keep dry if only I could—for Mary's sake. Then a word from Mary—in a voice that seems to come from some far-off place, so weak and labored it sounds—in a voice that seems strange and unreal because it tries to say to me farewell. With it there is a smile. "God wants me first, Joe"—the words are faltering and slow—"I'll be waiting, waiting for you to come." And blackness and darkness are around me—for Mary is gone!

At first it was all like that—just blindness and darkness. But gradually I learned to distinguish things in that darkness, just as I would have, had Mary been able to speak to me again. Gradually I came to feel in myself that strange thing I had seen so often in Mary—

sorrow that struggled with hope and even peace; darkness that flickered to and fro, like a shadow before a lamp; and tears on my cheeks that, though I could not restrain them, were softened as raindrops at the appearance of the sun. I had learned my lessons from Mary, and after those many years with her I knew them well. So I just turned to those other hearts, the hearts we had always confided in, the hearts of that other Mary and her Son, and I knew I had peace and hope and memory that all the years still left to me could never take away.

People said—I overheard them—that I would not last long after Mary was taken away. The sympathetic looks and words and gifts I received repeated it over and over to me. And I am sure they would have been right if that first darkness and blackness that came to me at Mary's death had lasted very long. But I knew, though I spoke my mind to no one, that faith is not in vain and love is immortal and hope is more real than despair, and I thought of that till I cared little how long God still wanted me to live on these things alone. And often I have wondered to myself—when I see other people—people who have no faith or who try to live without it—how death or parting or sorrow can be at all bearable to them; I wonder what they do when blackness and darkness surrounds them as it did me in the first moments of my grief. How can it mean to them anything but despair?

* * *

I raise my eyes from the fire now, and look above the mantle. There I see two pictures, one to the right of the picture of Mary, the other to the left, and the crucifix hanging in the center over all. The one to the right is Joe—a big, broad-shouldered missionary priest away out in California. The one to the left is John, dressed in his soutane and biretta, and with that everlasting smile upon his face. He is a parish priest in Chicago. I almost laugh when I think of the horrified looks and shocked remonstrances of my relationship when I allowed the boys to go off and leave me lonelier than ever before. Did they think I could desecrate Mary's memory and cast aside in one selfish act all the blessings that had been heaped upon my life? They called it sacrifice—that I gave them up—but God in heaven knows that this old heart of mine would make the offering over again with every beat—that I might be able to look upon those pictures over the mantle—to see them one on each side of Mary's—to know that out of my life

and Mary's that was its inspiration—God had chosen to draw two of the greatest blessings the world can know! My boys are priests!

* * *

It is late now. All the world is hushed in sleep. Let me find my Rosary—and mingle its sacred memories as Mary taught me to mingle them—with the ones I hold so dear. Let the world sympathize with this poor old man who lives alone. They cannot see my heart, nor my mantle with its pictures that are only symbols of the companionship that is always mine. And though they would call my memories only the sentimental wanderings of a senile mind, I can live on them always, for they spring from faith and hope that God Himself has taught me—which make dreams over into realities and memories into treasures. And so I raise my eyes to the last figure over the mantle—where the cross hangs enshrined over all—and still makes this lonely house a happy home.

I believe in God. . . .

WHAT A MONK WROTE

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from your hand
No worthy action done.

St. Bernard, a monk, wrote these lines away back in the "Dark Ages." John Brown, of Osowatomie, used to teach them to his children, and Wendell Phillips copied them in a thousand autograph albums.

The sentiment is good, wholesome and instructive. Each day has its duties, be they little or great. That which we esteem the least may turn out to be the most important. Sometimes a single word comes up to St. Bernard's idea of a worthy action.—*Forest Leaves*.

A most important means of acquiring the habit of interior mildness is to accustom ourselves to perform all our actions and to speak all our words, whether important or not, quietly and gently. Multiply these acts as much as you can in tranquility, and so you will accustom your heart to gentleness. (St. Francis de Sales.)

St. Louis, King of France

THE CRUSADER

A. H. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

It was the year 1244, Louis IX lay dangerously sick. It was judged expedient to administer to him the last consoling rites of Holy Church for the needs of her dying children. He received Éxtrême Unction with calm and piety, in the presence of all his court. Louis then called for each member of his household and thanked them for their love and fidelity. His mother, wife and brothers knelt about his bed and kept continually praying for him. Blanche, his mother, above all others adding the most severe penances to her fervent and unceasing prayers.

It was now, when Louis lay in the shadow of death, that the great love of his people was made manifest. His people were by no means resigned to lose so good, so merciful, and so valiant a King—"the Prince of all good justice, who loved the poor and protected the lowly against the great." Prayers for his recovery were offered up throughout the Kingdom; each shrine had its steady stream of pitifully pleading pilgrims. The relics of St. Denis, and of the other great saints revered in Paris, were brought to his bedside in solemn procession and the whole metropolis seemed to have turned out to swell the escort. The Bishop of Paris, himself brought the Sacred Crown of Thorns from the Sainte Chapelle to the sick room.

But it seemed as if where human remedies had failed, the Divine Physician did not will to intervene. For several hours Louis lay apparently breathless, and pulseless, while the doctors in attendance said mournfully: "No hope! The King is dead!"

With noiseless steps the two Queens and the Royal Princes passed out into the ante-chamber, and the two attendants alone remained to close the half-shut eyelids and to compose the rigid limbs.

But life had not passed. Louis still lived, and all the time there thundered in his ears a voice which seemed to reach him from the far East: "King of France! King of France! Behold the Holy City saturated with reproaches and glutted with cruel outrages. It is thou—THOU—whom God has chosen to avenge these insults offered there each hour to His Divine Son."

And suddenly the terrified watchers saw the King sit up in bed and

from his lips, which they never hoped to hear speak again, the words thrilled clear as a clarion: "In the highest Heaven, the Dayspring from the East is flooding me with light! And God's grace recalls me from the dead! Blessed be Thou, Beau Sire Dieu! Accept the oath which I make to take the Cross of the Crusade!" His voice reached the mourners in the ante-chamber and they rushed in, to find Louis sitting up in bed, his hand uplifted, and his look fixed on things beyond our earthly ken, while over and over again the same sentence fell from his lips: "Lord! O Lord! Accept my vow to take the Cross!"

Blanche trembled at the words and stood there as one turned to stone, her wide-staring eyes fixed upon her son, as if, says the chronicler, "she would rather have seen him dead."

Louis at once sent for William of Auvergne, Archbishop of Paris, and Peter of Cussy, Bishop of Meaux, and asked them to affix the Crusader's Cross upon his shoulder, as a sign that he should journey beyond the seas to the Holy Land. The two Bishops tried to dissuade him from this idea, and the two Queens, Blanche and Marguerite, begged him on their knees to wait until he was well, and after that to do whatsoever he would. But the indomitable will of Louis again asserted itself. And he said that he would touch no food until he had been given the Cross of the Crusades, and at length the Bishop of Paris yielded and bestowed it upon him. The King received the Cross with the deepest emotion; "he kissed it, and laid it down very gently upon his breast."

Joinville says: "When the Queen, his mother, knew that he had taken the Cross, she showed as much sorrow, according to his own account, as if she had seen him lying dead."

His wife, Marguerite, his sister, Isabella, his brothers, Counts of Artois, Anjou and Poitiers, fell on their knees beside his bed and pleaded with clasped hands outstretched toward him: "Sire, dear Sire, for the love of the Most Holy Redeemer, wait until you are entirely healed! And then, O Lord, Our King, then shall you do the things that seem best in your eyes."

"Know ye for a truth that I am now completely cured," he cried with a loud voice. And indeed, his smiling features bore unmistakably the stamp of perfect health. He was well and strong again.

Immediately Louis began his preparations for the fulfillment of his vow. It was October 15, 1245. The court was at Paris to assist in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at a stirring sermon delivered by the Papal Legate, on the distress and perilous situation of the Christians in the East. Suddenly the King leaped to his feet, and in his turn addressed the listening multitude.

"Can you hear of the tortures," he said, "and the humiliations inflicted on our brethren beyond the seas, without shedding tears of compassion, blushing for shame and quivering with virtuous indignation? Picture to yourselves the Holy City. Its streets run with blood; for old men and young, helpless women and children have there been massacred; and their bodies lie unburied, to be trodden under foot by the infidel, or devoured by the dogs and the birds of prey. And these things are happening in the land where our fathers have fought and bled. See this sword which I now wear. It has flashed in the Holy War in the hand of my grandsire. And please God it shall flash there again in my own grasp and at the head of my troops. God calls us to the fight! Let us rally round His standard and if need be shed the last drop of our blood to win back His Holy Sepulchre. God wills it! God wills it!" he cried as he brandished his sword above his head; and the whole congregation took up with enthusiasm this cry of the Crusaders: "God wills it! Dieu le veut!"

Before the echoes of the great shout had died away in the vaulted roof of Notre Dame, the three brothers of Louis were at his feet, begging for the Cross of the Armoured Pilgrims; and their example was followed by the knights and the men-at-arms in the Church. Even the Queen, Marguerite, the Countesses of Artois and Poitiers and a bevy of noble ladies vowed to follow their husbands overseas, and the bishops and prelates present—yea, even the Holy Father's Legate himself, enlisted in the Holy War.

At the Christmastide of that year, Louis held his festive court as usual. He was a generous, charming and delightful host, and right royally did he entertain his lords and barons and their ladies during the glad days of Christmas joy. They were provided with magnificent lodgings, and were made the recipient of princely gifts. But this year there were many in attendance at the court who had come for the express purpose of protesting against his departure for the East; and

the head of the opposition was, as might be expected, his mother. It was the first time that her son's will clashed with hers, and their divergence of views was a grief to both. And when Louis met his Barons in feudal council he found that many of his wisest and most trusted advisers sided with Blanche. The Bishop of Paris was the first to speak. He it was who had received the King's vow, and he now pronounced it null and void, for it was made during a time of serious illness and complete exhaustion; in a word, at a time when the King was not himself.

Other members of the royal council argued that the fulfillment of this vow would be inexpedient and hurtful to the best interests of France, for wars were threatening from within the realm and from the English who were burning to avenge the defeats of Taillebourg and Saintes, and to recover their lost possessions. They argued that the country needed now more than ever the firm and fostering hand of the monarch whose absolute justice men had learned to trust.

Last of all the Queen Mother urged her views with passionate earnestness, an earnestness that had won for her victories over the resolute and firm old King, Philip Augustus. And here again Blanche fully expected a complete victory. But to her utter amazement she found the will of her erstwhile obedient and dutiful son more strong than her own.

"My son," she said, "God has entrusted to me the care of your childhood and the government of your kingdom through a long series of anxious years. I have thus earned the right to remind you with authority of your duties as a monarch and as a father of a family. But I prefer to plead with you as a mother. You know it, Louis, I love you fondly. My life is now drawing to a close, and if you leave me, we may never meet again on earth." She pleaded with him to remain—for the love of his children, for the love of his country.

Louis was deeply moved at Blanche's grief, and gently caressed her before he rose to reply to the arguments of his barons.

"My friends," Louis replied with calmness, but with the greatest firmness, "you are all aware that my resolution is known throughout all Christendom. By my orders all things are put in readiness for the Crusade and foreign Princes have been formally notified that I am leaving my states to go to Asia. The Christians in Palestine are

relying on my plighted word that I shall come promptly to their assistance. And now you deem it consonant with my honor that I should alter my plans and break my word—yea, mine oath. However, as you think—as my mother thinks—that I was not in my right mind when I took the Cross, I make no difficulty in removing it from my shoulder and of giving it back to the prelate from whose hands I received it.”

He suited the action to the word, he tore the Cross from his cloak. Dead silence prevailed in the great hall. The King had yielded, they all thought, to their persuasion. But they were each and all doomed to disappointment. Again the King’s voice rang through the hall. There was no mistaking the sincerity of those vibrant tones. It was the voice of the “Fire Brand of God,” the voice of one of God’s saints whose heart had caught the flame of Divine Love from the heart, the burning heart of the Master; it was the voice of one who lived not for this world, but rejoiced at the opportunity of suffering for his God, his Faith and his fellow man.

“You say that I was not in the possession of my mental faculties when I received the Cross of the Crusades. But today you cannot say that I am sick or delirious. It is in the plenitude of my reason and of my royal will that I solemnly declare that I will neither eat nor drink till the Cross is again on my shoulder. I am pierced with grief at the reproaches, murmurs, tearful pleadings I have borne with until now. Realize henceforth your duty and mine, and help me in the pursuit of true glory, in obedience to the dictates of conscience, and of duty to God. Do not give way to vain alarms about the safety of my family and kingdom during my absence. My trust is firm in the God of mercy. It is He Who sends me forth to defend His cause in Asia. It is He Who will guard and keep my children and pour down His blessings upon France. You say that things will go ill here while I am fighting overseas. Not so, even from a human point of view, for I leave the government of my realm in the hands of one who has shown the highest efficiency. I leave the regency of my kingdom in the hands of my Lady Mother, who so skillfully conducted affairs of state when I was too young to rule. Therefore I will keep the pledge I have sworn to my God. And remember that there can be no obligation more sacred and more binding than the oath of a Christian and the word of a King.”

Louis had spoken with the air of one inspired. He had completely won them to his cause. The whole assembly responded as with one voice: "God speaks by your mouth. We no longer oppose His Holy Will!"

In the busy days that followed, Louis was not wholly absorbed in preparing for the Crusades. He provided many excellent means for the government and welfare of his people.

There were many family lawsuits all over the country which bade fair to continue for years until they became hereditary feuds. The King's Bailiffs and Justices received orders to adjust all such differences as expeditiously as possible and according to the rules of equity. Where according to the rules of justice these lawsuits could be settled, the litigants were compelled to abide by the decision handed down. But where the case was so complicated that a settlement could not be made within a few months, the contestants were obliged to swear a truce for five years.

Louis prepared for his departure as a man would prepare for death. He had "Restitution Bureaux" set up all over the land to make good any losses sustained at the hands of his agents. He even urged the people to present any claim they had, not only against his representatives but even those of his predecessors. And we are told there was a considerable number who had endured unjust treatment during the reign of his grandsire, Philip Augustus.

In every city two Commissioners were appointed with exceptional powers to see that advantage be not taken of the King's absence to oppress the poor, the weak and the unprotected, or to grind the faces of the dependent.

At last all of his affairs were settled and the final preparations made. On Friday, June 12, 1248, Louis went very early with his three brothers to fetch the Oriflamme from the Abbey-Church of St. Denis. Then in full armor, but barefoot and the pilgrim's staff in his hand, and the pilgrim's scarf crosswise over his breast, he went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame for Mass and Holy Communion. After he had finished his devotions, both Queens, his wife and his mother, and other members of the royal family—all barefoot—walked with him as far as the Abbey of St. Antoine, where Louis mounted his horse and waved adieu to the royal crowd who had followed him from Notre Dame.

Louis embarked with his Crusaders from Aigues-Morte on August 25th, 1248. He reached Cyprus on September 20th. His advent aroused great enthusiasm on the island. Many of the nobles and Church dignitaries took the Cross and promised to accompany Louis to Egypt if he would but wait until the Spring. Unfortunately Louis yielded to their entreaties. Cyprus, it is well known, was famous in Greek mythology for its worship of Aphrodite, the sea-born goddess of impurity; and the convivial qualities of its wine have been sung by no meaner authority than Solomon. The winter quarters thus provided were far too luxuriant. Discipline suffered, and soon there was no ready money, for the keen-witted natives of Cyprus knew how to unite profit with pleasure. The sudden change in habits and climate was in part responsible for the plague which carried off some of the best captains of the army, including the valiant Scotsman, Patrick, Earl of Dunbar. But the fame of the King's great holiness spread throughout the island, and even from Syria, Christians and Mahometans flocked to see this wondrous King of the French, and listen to his words of wisdom.

At last on the eve of Pentecost, the trumpets heralded with martial blare the order to embark for Damiatta. As far as the eye could reach, the sea looked covered with gaily painted cloth so numerous and varied were sails set to catch the breeze.

It was dawn on the fifteenth day when "the Look-Out shouted, 'Land in sight' and forthwith made the sign of the Cross." The joyful cry passed from ship to ship and the Crusaders hurried on deck to fling themselves on their knees in prayerful emotion at the sight of the long stretch of yellow sand with the minarets of Damiatta glimmering in the distance. Louis was the first to rise to his feet. The moment for action had come, the moment for a short, soldierly, soul-stirring speech.

In the following words he addressed them: "Friends! Let Heaven but find us linked closely heart to heart, and we shall be invincible. As you see the report of our valor has caused the coast to be strongly fortified. All the better. These precautions of the enemy will but enhance the glory of our success. But remember, on the battle field I am no longer King of France, but the Sergeant of Christ. Let me go before you and take my proper place in the fight—as befits a Cru-

sader like unto yourselves, a man whose life like yours is in the hands of God."

This address aroused a loyal and devout response in all his hearers. "One in heart for God, Religion and France," cried the warriors as they clasped hands in the grip of brotherhood.

But the enemy had not been idle. As soon as the fleet hove in sight, the great bell of Damietta boomed out the alarm. Instantly the beach swarmed with armored Saracens, "very fine to look at, and the noise they made with their horns and the clashing of their great cymbals was frightful to hear and very strange to the French."

"Shall we land at once?" was the question at issue. Many of the captains considered the place ill-chosen, for the enemy's forces were concentrated for its defense. They counselled to wait until the vessels that had been dispersed in a great storm during the voyage, had time to join them.

"There is sound wisdom and prudence in the advice," said Louis, "but I believe our hesitation would increase the confidence of the enemy. We are in good battle order at present, and the wind is at our back. If we wait for our comrades what guarantee have we that another gale may not scatter the ships already at our command?" The attack was fixed for next morning.

At nightfall the trumpets gave the signal for prayer on every ship. The sound of manly voices at prayer was followed by the martial melody, the hymn of the Second Crusade, composed by the great St. Bernard:

"Jesu dulcis memoria
 Dans vera cordis gaudia;
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Ejus dulcis praesentia!"

One ship was detached from the fleet and sent to cruise alone in the offing. It contained Queen Marguerite, his devoted wife, who insisted on sharing his perils. Her ladies were with her and they were to spend that battle day on their knees, invoking the God of Armies. The rising sun found the fleet drawn up in good order, a mile and a half from the mouths of the Nile.

Slowly and in silence the entire fleet moved shoreward till the front rank was a bow shot from the beach; and then the archers let fly and

an answering hail of javelins and stones from the enemy fell on the fragile boats. In the confusion thus created, more than one keel was heard to grate among the shoals of that dangerous and unfamiliar coast. It caused a backward movement in some of the boats and hesitancy in others, which might result in flight.

It was a crucial moment, and Louis knew it well. Making a sign of the Cross he sprang to the guard-rail of his ship, waving his great sword over his head he plunged into the sea. This caused the Crusaders to hesitate. In astonishment they saw their King plunging alone through the surf, his bright armor, his golden helmet glistening in the sunlight. A wave of loyalty surged through every heart as they saw their King alone rushing to the attack. From thousands of throats came the cry: "Vive Louis, Notre Roi!" "Long live Louis, Our King!" The next instant the mail-clad warriors leaped into the water to follow their brave Ruler, shouting the Crusaders' cry: "Dieu le Veut!" "God Wills It!" As the men reached the beach they formed quickly into line of battle and stood shoulder to shoulder, shields locked and spears advanced—a sharp pointed barricade against which the Saracens threw themselves in vain. Then the Crusaders began the offensive. Led by St. Louis, they drove the enemy from one sandhill to the other until the Saracens were forced to retire within the walls of Damietta. By four o'clock in the afternoon the Crusaders had won their first victory at a very small cost of life. Among the few fatalities was the old and inveterate enemy of the King, Hugh de Lusignan, Count of La Marche. We have seen how this man fought against his King even when Louis was a mere child. He it was who tried to steal him away from Blanche. It was he who led so many of the nobles to withhold their oath of allegiance to the boy Louis. Insulting was his refusal to attend the coronation, and many were the insurrections he had instigated against the Crown. But when this poor misguided man fell pierced by arrows, it was his King who caught him in his arms. Louis tenderly held him, whispering words of repentance and encouragement until Hugh had breathed his last.

That night as the Crusaders sat about their camp-fires the universal topic of conversation was the heroic bravery of their saintly King.

That night, the Saracens hearing that the Sultan had died, and lacking responsible leaders, quietly evacuated the city. Louis found

himself master of Damietta, and the possessor of an excellent base for supplies.

It was a brilliant beginning, but from thence until his death, misfortune and suffering followed closely. It is failure and adversity that proves the fidelity of the servants of God, not prosperity and success.

His eagerness to stem the tide of conquest of the infidels, his desire to liberate the captive Christians, his longing to free from profanation the Holy Places where the Saviour lived, suffered and was buried, his craving for the opportunity of suffering for his Master, lead us to proclaim Louis, "The Fire Brand of God."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN GOOD COMPANY

One Sunday a gentleman went to the Cathedral of St. Mark in Florence to hear Mass. He had been there only a few moments when three elderly men entered, two of whom were blind and were being led by the hand. The three men went to a side chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, where, with recollection and profound piety, they assisted at the Mass which was celebrated at that altar. The gentleman in question observed them closely because he had recognized in them three men of renowned literary genius.

When Holy Mass was over, he waited outside, as he wished to get another glimpse of them. One of his acquaintances who happened to be passing at that moment cried out in derision:

"What are you doing here? Can it be that you have been to hear Mass?"

"Yes," the gentleman answered frankly.

"Bah! It is time that you abandoned these silly superstitions."

Turning to the scoffer, the gentleman asked:

"Do you know these three persons?"

"No, I do not recognize them."

"Well, that one is Gino Capponi, the one in the center is Alessandro Manzoni, and the other is Nicholo Tommasseo. They, too, have assisted at the Mass which I heard. So you see, I was in good company."

Capponi was an Italian historian and litterateur; Manzoni, one of the greatest of Italian poets and novelists, and Tommasseo was a well-known writer and statesman.

Lucky Star

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

The midnight freight was crawling slowly away from the sleeping town of Brinkerton. Mumbling and rolling, click-and-clack-clacking, grinding and wheezing, it left the last group of shadow houses trailing away into the darkness behind, and headed for the open country—for freedom and the stars. Somewhere from the center of the long, linked-together ribbon of wheeled boxes, two slouchily clad figures leaned from the door of a rattling, rolling “empty” and looked ahead with the air of professionals.

“Time to hop, Wally. She’s pickin’ up.”

The two figures fitted so well into the general scheme of darkness that it was hard to say which one had spoken.

“All right! Le’s go.”

“Clean him?”

“Yeah! Not much on him; but I liked his coat. Hope it fits.”

They dropped to the ground, stumbled and ran, stumbled and ran, gained a steady pace and finally slowed down to a walk as the dimly lighted caboose swished by.

In the box-car now fast rumbling away into the darkness, there was a huddled figure of a man lying in a corner. His own coat gone, another ragged one beside him, hatless, hair disheveled, collar and tie askew, pockets picked, badly beaten, pummeled, having one eye speedily growing green and the other already puffed up lik a toy balloon, totally knocked out, and unconscious of the hayfields, barns, and wayside inns and stations flitting past him, Henry J. Pilper, citizen of Brinkerton, was enjoying something he had been praying and secretly hoping for for thirty-nine years—the time of his life!

* * *

Pilper was not the sort of man who made a habit of riding in box-cars. Most of his traveling was done on the perky commutation train that bobbed back and forth between Brinkerton and the great metropolis like a busy shuttle.

He had come to Brinkerton with his wife some ten years ago, when he was twenty-nine; not because he wanted to come to Brinkerton, but

because his wife wanted it. You see, Pilper was a meek man and like all meek men he generally did what other people wanted and among these other people, first place was held by his wife.

Down in the stony heart of the great metropolis, in one of the steel-boned, concrete-encrusted, and cement-and-tile-linoleum embalmed temples of commerce and finance, where cold-blooded business men calmly cut each other's throats, Pilper earned his daily bread by gouging out the numbered eyes of an adding machine. With much repeated grinding of the machine, the thing became a habit; mechanical; automatic; so that Pilper often compared himself abstractedly to the machine. He would meditate.

"Pick, pick; pick, pick, pick!" said the machine.

"Just like me!" moaned Pilper. "My wife picks on me. The boss picks on me. They all pick on me."

"Punch, punch!" went Pilper's fingers against the keys; and the crank whirled.

"Just like me!" said Pilper. "Everybody punches me. Punches, punches me!"

It seemed that everybody had a habit of sensing Pilper's meekness very readily. There was the fat man in the train who always took a special delight, Pilper thought, in standing near him in the train and blowing huge clouds of suffocating cigar-smoke into his face. Pilper never smoked, but always threw the bluff of riding in the smoker. There was the waitress in the restaurant. Pilper feared her. He always felt her cynical young eye burdening him with its glance, as she floated around with mountains of dishes balanced on her arms. And he did not have enough nerve to try another restaurant.

But by no means was this all. Newsboys sold him yesterday's paper; clerks short-changed him; taxi-cab drivers, draymen, and motormen made him the special target of their choicest and most offensive language; and the butcher always gave him the worst cut of meat. His friends borrowed money which would never be repaid; the office boy turned up his nose to him, and even his neighbor's chickens scratched in his garden with impunity and particular delight.

But all this took place during the day.

In the evening when he was alone, he forgot the world that was so unkind to him, a meek, well intentioned, but much misunderstood

man. He forgot the world that was around him and turned himself into a dreamer.

For Pilper had an ambition. A secret ambition it was. He kept it close within himself, for if he had spoken of it, even to the walls, it would have been bruited about to the four winds, and then the world would have another laugh.

He turned himself into a dreamer. There was a book-case choked with many volumes. Before it, Pilper would stand, throw his arms wide in an all-embracing gesture and say: "My world! My books!"

The truth of it was that Pilper was an adventurer. He was an armchair adventurer; fireside, stay-at-home adventurer. He was a lion in sheep's garb, who during the day was the meekest of men. There were times when he thought of throwing the adding machine out of the window. He would dream again and again of sticking that cigar into the fat man's eye and of spilling gallons of coffee and gravy on the cloth while the sophisticated waitress looked on in horror. But this would be mere excitement. It would not yet be adventure.

It was here in his home in the subdued glow of a reading lamp that Pilper met his heroes and adventured with them. There were swash-buckling pirates, fast-riding gallants, many-scarred swordsmen, hard-living gold miners, far-ranging prairie men, sure-shooting cowboys, and an occasional two-gun bandit; and once in a while a bank robber or a desperate and elusive fugitive from justice.

Tonight he was reading about a man who robbed a bank, killed several detectives, and then led the police a merry chase around the world. How wonderful, thought Pilper, to be hiding from the world, eluding it, and fooling it, and thumbing his nose at all the policemen and detectives in it! That was adventure. To live in open fields, to cross the seas, to be alone—a fugitive, while the world was agog at his deeds.

He closed the book and gave a few minutes to the evening paper. There had been a bank robbery. Pilper read the account, analyzed all the details, recognized the good points in the bandit's mode of procedure and criticized him mentally for a few careless moves in the execution of the robbery. He allowed a wave of reflection to carry him off. To him, that was adventure. And to him, adventure was the sun, the moon, the stars, the world—his life. It was a great big golden

star that hung always before him and dazzled and allured him with its glitter. His home; his work! All of it had grown so sickening. To break out from behind those four walls of the daily grind! Star of gold!

He began to hum sadly to himself: "I'd like to find my lucky star. . . ." Soon, he began to grow drowsy and fell asleep. He was a dreamer now. The hands of the great clock in the corner advanced with tick-tock steps toward midnight and Pilper dreamed on.

He stirred uneasily in his chair.

What was that? Something was moving behind him. He made a half-hearted effort to open his eyes, but they were heavy with sleep. Then he felt somebody kick him in the shins and he sat up erect in his chair. All that came to him in his half-waking state was the dim perception of a great, grimy hand holding an ugly looking revolver pointed straight at his chest, and a voice that whispered hoarsely, like the grating of a rasp on wood.

"Stick 'em up!"

Another kick in the shins.

"Hey, you runt, stick 'em up."

Whether Pilper was still dreaming or whether his lifelong habit of meekness deserted him, is hard to say. It did not matter. He said afterwards that he did not in the least realize what he was doing.

At any rate, here was one occasion where Pilper who had been picked on and punched around all his life, actually stood up on his hind legs and punched back. His fist flew up toward the bulky bearded face with a speed that mocked at lightning. There was a flash; a loud report; like the first sharp crash of thunder. Pilper saw the shadowy form stagger for some feet, clap his hands to his head, and fall, while the gun dropped with a thud on the heavy carpet.

Then Pilper woke up; woke up all the way, and full consciousness came upon him. He began to feel and see things around him just as they were, and it was like the blow of some monstrous wooden club on his brain. There was the man on the floor. There had been a shot. He must have shot the man. But he could not remember it. Well, the police would never doubt; they always know.

He was quite certain that he heard his wife screaming and that he

saw some neighbors looking out of their windows as he took to flight. But it was all so blurred.

His rapid, pattering steps took him unconsciously along the way he walked every morning—to the station. As he drew near the place, he saw that the midnight freight was just pulling away from the water tower. Pilper hopped up into an empty box-car and rolled over on the floor exhausted.

So he lay for about two seconds. He felt two somethings fall upon him and pin him down securely. He sensed the touch of hands going through his pockets. He was too exhausted to resist. With his wonted meekness and his desire to oblige, he tried to turn himself into a more favorable position when he felt that they were having trouble in extracting his watch from his small, tight pocket. But that move was his undoing. The two tramps thought it was a show of fight and proceeded to reduce him to the state of a non-combatant. And when they left him, Pilper in the box-car, robbed, beaten, unconscious, a fugitive from justice, was having something he had been waiting for for thirty-nine years—the time of his life.

* * *

It was in Trentonville, twenty miles from Brinkerton, that he woke up. The train was barely moving and Pilper seized the chance to roll painfully out to the ground and make for the open country, away from the town.

All that morning he spent in skulking along lonely pathways, hiding in cornfields and shying from everything that looked like a human being. For Pilper was certain that everyone within a radius of a thousand miles, knew him by this time as the murderer who had escaped from Brinkerton. Besides, his shabby coat, his dirty, swollen face, the absence of his hat, his touseled hair, and above all, his hunted look, proclaimed him as a man apart.

In the middle of the afternoon he felt the need of food. There was a farmhouse near, right on the road. Pilper saw no man about the place, and finally calling on the shreds of his courage, he decided to brave the attempt. Sooner or later they would get him anyway. So thought Pilper.

He peered cautiously around the corner of the house. There, in the yard, stood two men. One was evidently the owner of the place.

The other was a portly individual in city clothes. Pilper could hear them talking.

"No, I was out in the fields all day and I didn't have a chance to watch the roads." It was the farmer speaking. "I'm pretty sure I saw nobody."

"Well, you just keep your eye peeled for him, will you?" said the other.

"I will!" replied the farmer with emphasis; and as he spoke he brought his hands from behind his back and Pilper saw that they held a shotgun.

The instant he saw that gun, his imagination sensed for him the meaning of the conversation he had heard. In an instant he was flying down the road in a cloud of dust.

Pilper raced along the road and struck out across the fields. He looked back and saw no one; then he stopped, and sank slowly to the ground beside a huge haystack out in the open. He was afraid to move now, for he feared that there were men waiting to pounce out upon him from behind every tree and fence-post.

Evening came on, and Pilper began to feel very lonely. The stars began to dot the sky and a mournful, sighing wind began to sing across the fields. It grew chilly. As the darkness increased, Pilper of a sudden realized that he was very much homesick. He would give anything now to be at home, sitting under the glow of his reading lamp, in comfort. But that could never be again. He was a murderer, banished from home and an outcast from society. The police were after him and the whole world knew of his guilt. Miserable!

"Hunted like a dog!" he said heavily to himself. And as he heard his own voice, he sat bolt upright. "Hunted like a dog!" Those were the very words his hero, his adventurer, had spoken to himself the night before in that book he was reading! And then for the first time, Pilper forgot his troubles long enough to realize that he was having his first big adventure. A fugitive from justice—adventure—the golden star. But with the realization came quietly a great feeling of disgust. He was hungry.

"Bah!" said Pilper. "Bah!" he repeated nine times at distinct intervals; and he spat contemptuously on the ground. There was a dis-

illusioned expression on his face. So this was adventure! "Bah!" he said it again.

Slowly his head drooped, his face puckered up and then Pilper began to cry. He did not want to do it but he could not help it. His glittering fireside dreams were all dust and ashes now. He looked up at the stars and with all his heart he wished himself at home. But he could never go back. They would hang him.

"Unlucky star!" he mumbled unmusically, and fell asleep.

* * *

He woke up the next morning with the feeling that there was someone near. There was someone at his side. He felt it. When he opened his eyes and looked up, he saw, kneeling on the ground, the portly man in city clothes who had been talking to the farmer yesterday afternoon.

"Morning, buddy!" said the man cheerily.

"Let me go! Let me alone!" wailed Pilper, and he leaped to his feet. He had taken a few stiff running steps when he felt himself checked by a heavy hand.

"Come here, you—what's the matter with you?"

For about two minutes Pilper fought furiously. In the scuffle he saw the detective's badge inside the man's coat and then he fought more energetically than ever. But it availed him nothing. In the end he found himself lying on the ground; and there were strong, cold, unwelcome handcuffs fastened on his wrists.

The detective looked at Pilper as he lay there and he seemed to take particular notice of Pilper's bruises.

"I guess you're the one, all right."

Pilper groaned. It was all over now.

"They surely did you up brown—and black and blue at that," the detective continued. "How far did they carry you?"

"Carry me?" Pilper sat up and leaned against the haystack.

"Sure—the crooks, you know—the fellows that worked with the man you shot."

"Nobody carried me. I ran."

"How far did they chase you?"

"Nobody chased me. I ran, I tell you."

The detective put his hands on his lips, pressed one eye shut, cocked his head to one side, and with repeated emphatic bobbings of his soft

gray hat, he inquired with great professional vehemence: "Well, if they didn't carry you, and if nobody chased you, then why did you run?"

Pilper looked doubtfully at the man. Why did any man run away when he had committed murder? He began to speak.

"The police, you know—thought they'd get me and hang me for killing that man."

"Killing that man? Say, all that the bullet did was to part that Willie's hair, and knock him dizzy for a while. Your wife called the police and they got there before your supposed victim came back to life. They couldn't find you and they figured his pals had done you up. Bank robbers they were. Police on their trail—and they were trying to hide out. They sent some plain clothes men to find you. And here I am."

Pilper blinked his eyes but he did not move.

"Gosh! And do you still want me?" He laid a bashful hand on his fluttering shirt-front.

"Sure do! They've got your scratched-up boy friend behind the bars, waiting for you to appear against him. And after that, I suppose, the judge will hand you the five thousand dollars."

Pilper thought the detective was trying to be funny. Well, he could afford to be meek now and take the "line."

"Five thousand dollars!" he ejaculated.

"Yeah. The bird you winged was Goldie Parker. The police were chasing him for months and there was a five thousand dollar reward for his capture. You floored him pretty, so, I suppose, the money goes to you. Now, do you want to fight some more, or will you come along quiet like?"

Pilper closed his eyes as he tucked his hand meekly under the detective's arm.

"Take me home!" he pleaded.

And he wondered why the detective smiled.

Indifference is the shield of polite society, and affectation the valve of artificial characters; but sincerity of soul is the first charm of manners, and extent of sympathy is the proper measure of happiness.

—W. R. Alger.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

THE SOURCE OF CONFORMITY TO GOD'S HOLY WILL

St. Bernard calls Mary "the royal road to the Saviour," the safe road by which to find the Saviour and salvation. Since then it is true, O Queen, that thou art, as the same Saint says, "the chariot in which our souls go to God"—the one who guides us to Him—ah, Lady, thou must not suppose that I shall advance toward God if thou dost not carry me in thine arms! Carry me, carry me; and if I resist, carry me by main force; do all the violence that thou canst by the sweet attractions of thy charity to my soul and to my rebellious will, that they may leave creatures, to seek God alone and His divine will. Show the court of heaven the greatness of thy power. After so many wonders of thy mercy, show one more: make a poor creature who is far from God wholly His." (XXIXth Visit.)

The royal road to the Saviour is the way of conformity to God's holy Will. This Will of God is made clear to us by His commandments; by the directions of His church and by the ordinances of His representatives on earth the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church.

Whoever violates the commandments of God is not conformed to that Holy Will. And he who disregards the directions of His church and despises the ordinances of her hierarchy is also at variance with the Will of Him to Whom we owe all honor and glory.

The sinner, of all others, is the one who is not working in union with the wishes of his Creator and Saviour. For him, then, the Blessed Mother of the Divine Son is the very source of conformity to that Holy Will, to the end that he may again begin to keep the commandments; for sinners more readily approach Mary and more easily confide to her their many wants and needs. She on her part is always ready to make intercession for them, get for them the graces they need; effect

their reconciliation with Him and then keep them in line with all that He asks. She is in this wise the Mother who makes all of us conform to the Will of the Supreme and All-good God.

There is, too, the large class of the ailing and infirm. They need much help from above in order to accept their sufferings in the proper spirit; namely, the spirit of conformity with the Holy Will of God that so afflicts them. Be it a long time or a short time they have to suffer—their sufferings are only too often the source of impatience on their part and the cause of much trouble to those who are about them. And again for them Mary is that source of help and grace which makes them bear their afflictions with much patience and with that cheerfulness so characteristic of real heroism.

Not a patron in heaven is called on so much as is Mary, our Mother, by those in affliction! Witness only the numerous invocations in the Litany of Loreto in which she is called the "Help of Christians," "Comforter of the Sick," "Consoler of the Afflicted," etc.

Christian piety has ever invoked her to its aid when there was question of the need of conforming our wills with that of our God.

In trials and afflictions, in poverty and want, in sickness or sin, let us always call on Mary, the Mother of Perpetual Help, and fervently ask her to make us conformable to the Holy Will of her and our God: that we may keep His commandments; that we may accept His trials; that we may bear patiently the crosses He may choose to send us.

"That I may in all things conform my will to that of thy Divine Son, Help me, O loving Mother!"

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Dear Father: I want to make a public thanksgiving to the Mother of Perpetual Help, and incidentally to the good members of the Confraternity also.

"It was through a Novena here and the nine Tuesdays that I have been granted help, both temporal and spiritual. I had been praying for both a long time.

"My prayer was: to have the strength to give up keeping company with a certain man. Keeping company with him meant only sin and more sin each time we met.

"I had tried to break the association often enough, but lacked the strength of character to carry out my good intentions.

"Upon hearing about the Novena I attended the services with hope and confidence that I should now, at last, receive the help I stood in need of. I realized that it would be only by a very special divine assistance that this could ever be accomplished.

"But glory to the Mother of Perpetual Help, I have received the aid I needed; the separation has been accomplished; and I again know what it means to be happy and to smile. And a clear conscience now again lets me look people in the eye without having to be ashamed at being a hypocrite; or with the apprehension that they would be able to read in the lines of my face how badly things stood.

"I have heard other people's thanksgivings for temporal favors read time and time again. Yet how little do they think of their good fortune in having a conscience free from guilt such as mine! I think their intentions of small importance as against mine. They seem but little to realize that man's worst enemy is his own weak nature—especially in a case like mine.

I write this to those who may be, like myself—if there are any—have too much confidence in their own strength, or who later on are too diffident. Thanks a thousand times to Our Mother of Perpetual Help."

* * *

"Dear Father: I wish to thank the Mother of Perpetual Help publicly through the pages of THE LIGUORIAN for two favors granted me some time ago. One was: good health through the entire winter and the other: a raise in salary.

"Now I only ask our Mother to keep the family happy and grant me two further favors I am asking." A Client—Detroit.

* * *

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: You have granted me a wonderful favor in hearing my prayer. Many, many thanks. I am enclosing five dollars for a High Mass in thanksgiving." Monroe, Mich.

* * *

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Ever since a relative of mine, an Austrian army officer, was taken captive during the late horrible war, I have been praying for his release from captivity in some Siberian

camp. Thanks to your motherly protection, he has been lately released and returned to his home and family.

"Thanks, too, for the release from an Italian internment of a nephew of mine, who suffered much during the first two years of his captivity. I am sure both of these men will not forget Our Mother of Perpetual Help for obtaining this gift for them." Chicago.

* * *

"Dear Father: I had to make a long trip from home. About two weeks before setting out I learned to my sorrow that I was still short of the necessary traveling expenses by about fifteen dollars. I had started making the nine Tuesdays in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help for another intention. I immediately added this intention: that a party who owed me the sum required for the expenses would be moved to pay up. I also promised a Mass if I received this favor.

"Two days after the end of the novena of Tuesdays I received a check, not only for the required amount, but an additional sum.

"The additional sum was kindly added to help defray my expenses! I feel that I owe this to our Mother of Perpetual Help.

"Enclosed offering in thanksgiving." N. O.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I come to thank you most sincerely for your wonderful kindness to me. I am a widow woman with four children to support. I asked in this Novena for means to meet a mortgage payment, now past due. What were my surprise and joy on receiving some money this morning which enabled me to meet the payment. I am having a low Mass said for the Poor Souls in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: This is to thank you for the great spiritual favor I have received from you, that of bringing me back to my Church and the Holy Sacraments. I thank you with my whole heart and soul, dear Mother; and I will always have recourse to you in time of need, as I know if I had done so before I would never have strayed away from you.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I thank you for a great favor I received when I thought it impossible to obtain it.

Catholic Anecdotes

CHARCOAL

Sophon was a learned teacher. He had a number of children, and had wisely forbidden them to associate with bad companions.

One day one of his daughters, seventeen years of age, became irritated at his refusal to allow her to visit a friend whose company he had forbidden her.

"Surely," said the girl, "you must think me very much of a child, if you think this visit will be dangerous for me now."

The father said nothing, but he reached down and took a piece of burnt-out charcoal from the fireplace and extended it to his daughter.

"Take it," he said, "it will not harm you."

The girl took the coal from her father—and though it did not burn her, it soiled her hand and left a black spot on her white dress where her hand touched it. She dropped it quickly.

"You see," said her father, "even though the charcoal doesn't burn—it cannot but leave a black mark or two on you. It is the same with bad companions."

ANGER

One of St. Ignatius' companions, having a very easily-aroused temper, was in the habit of shunning his companions to avoid provocation. The saint took him to task for it and said:

"You are wrong; this kind of temptation should be fought—not fled. Solitude can but hide, not heal your irritability. You will please God more by mastering this chaffing than by shutting yourself in a cave for a year."

Then as an added encouragement to make the struggle, the saint told him that though such hotspurs had a sterner task than others in self-mastery, there was more mettle in them—and once successful, they would surpass others in doing great things for God.

HIDDEN IN CHRIST

In an account of the Sisters of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine, which E. F. Boddington contributes to the November Catholic Mirror, we read this striking anecdote:

It may well be asked how twenty nuns can do it all; but as a matter of fact there are not twenty available to do it. Some must be detached all the time to collect the dimes and dollars which make possible all of these activities.

To the ordinary woman of gentle birth, this begging would be of all her varied tasks the most disagreeable. But these are no ordinary women. Several have made of a disagreeable necessity a work of great satisfaction and consolation, for in collecting dimes and dollars, they have also collected souls. The nature of their appeal has aroused curiosity and in many cases curiosity has blossomed into the most remarkable conversions.

One there is, a quiet, self-effacing religious, who despite the diffidence of her demeanor, is most successful as a collector.

On an occasion not long ago, she had solicited and obtained a donation from a prominent financier, when, as she turned to go with a few quiet words of thanks, she was stopped by a question.

"Pardon me, Sister, but your face seems strangely familiar. Have I not met you before?"

"Yes, Sir, we have met before."

"May I ask where?"

"In Washington."

"In Washington—where in Washington?"

"At the White House."

"At the White House! But—er—you were not then a nun?"

"No, Sir, on the occasion of the reception at which you were presented to me I was not a religious."

"Then may I ask, without appearing impertinent, how you were called then?"

"I was Mrs. Charles Emory Smith, wife of the then Postmaster-General of the United States."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE CROSS

Gaze upon the Cross. Can there be anything more simple, asks Bishop Keppler, these two pieces of wood crossing each other, this upright beam to which the crossbeam is fitted at the intersection in the middle?

Truly, a simple, clear and regular design. Yet it is the picture of the most striking contrast and contradiction, an eloquent symbol of pain, anguish and death—this bare tree, stripped of foliage and branches with mutilated stumps of arms.

And again, the Cross with its firmly knit and straight lines is a picture of strength and solidity, the image of power and of life.

As a picture of pain and death, as a picture of strength and life, the Cross was chosen and determined upon as an instrument of salvation. As a symbol of death and of life, it dominates the career of Jesus and must also dominate our lives.

"BEHOLD THE MAN"

Pilate when he pointed to the dreadful figure of our Lord, on the steps of his palace and spoke those words, spoke more truly and with a deeper significance than he ever dreamed.

Behold the man! To him it was the awful remnant of a human body—worn by the fatigue and watching of the night before—mangled and torn by the merciless scourging—His head crowned with thorns—the clotted and oozing blood almost concealing that majestic face and well-nigh blotting out the light of those eyes that captivated and dominated. He spoke with a tone of pity and possibly of contempt.

But as we stand, in spirit, before the Master, and look long at Him, those words ring in our hearts with a meaning akin to triumph.

The blood—shed for us—the emblem of His inexpressible love—becomes radiant and throws into stronger relief all that Jesus was and is. Now we see clearer all the nobility of His humanity. The majesty, the power, the fearlessness that thrilled us during His public career—the

humility, the tenderness of His hidden life, the gentleness and meekness, the consideration and kindness, the courage and bravery in the face of enemies, the goodness of all His words and actions—all now, in the halo of His blood is sweetened and illuminated.

There is the man—the perfect man—the Ideal!

THE OFF-COLOR YARN

If the Editor of the *Queen's Work* will permit I would like to pass on some of the suggestions found in the March issue.

The Off-color Yarn presents a common difficulty especially for our young people. In the article referred to a number of correspondents tell of the way they meet the situation.

The first class suggests prevention. Some of the boys wrote: "I don't hear this sort of thing, for I don't go around with that sort of company." And a girl wrote: "I have never found myself in that predicament, probably because I am very particular about the company in which I am found." And a very large number were able to say: "My ideals do not permit me to be at all interested in improper stories."

The second class suggests flight. About fifty per cent of the young people gave this as the best means of handling the smutty speaker:

"When that sort of thing begins," writes a college man, "I think it is time for a gentleman to leave; so I leave." And a girl says: "If they do not stop, I walk away to a place where the air is not so foul." And another shows how courageous one must be at times to do this: "I immediately object or leave the room as soon as possible. One may be laughed at by a few, but the majority must inwardly admire the courage of the act."

A third class adopts the direct. Thus one girl says: "I do not hesitate to tell them what I think of them. . . . I must admit that I am shocked and find it easy to convey that idea to the guilty party. A little sarcasm does successful service." And a boy declares: "I use a little irony on them. Since a very beneficial retreat I have not hesitated to voice my objections. It is easy to put them to shame, and I do so. If they are my own age I tell them that what they are saying is wrong and tell them to stop; if they are older than I, it's their own business; they should have better sense; so I walk away and leave them."

A fourth class adds a very beautiful suggestion—reparation. "If the Holy Name is uttered I bow my head ostentatiously," writes a boy, "as a rebuke to the guilty one." While a girl says: "Whenever I hear our Lord's Name used in vain, I use it as an aspiration for the most abandoned soul in Purgatory."

Another class confesses: "A false pride keeps me there in many instances. I am afraid they'll think me a kill-joy."

Which of these do you think best?

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Humphrey Desmond, one of our most experienced and alert Catholic editors, in his interesting column entitled "Men and Affairs" brings the following notes:

Mrs. Mitchell has published through the Chicago University Press, a survey entitled, "Children and the Movies." She reports what the children themselves say:

A boy of fourteen: "I liked especially the fighting and torturing. . . ."

A boy of sixteen: "I like it where guys get killed with dynamite. . . ."

A Boy Scout after seeing a mystery play: "I didn't sleep for a week. . . . I dreamed of skeletons."

Another lad: "It makes you nuts to see so many movies. . . . Just don't know what you are doing when you see movies so often. They make you want things you haven't got . . . and you take them."

A young delinquent: "Movies make most anything seem right. Things that look bad on the outside don't seem to be bad at all in the movies."

Attention parents! Attention parent-teacher associations!

Prof. Edward A. Ross, of Wisconsin University, is a sociologist. He says:

"The conclusion forced upon me is that more of the young people (are) sex-wise, sex-excited and sex-absorbed than of any generation of which we have knowledge. Thanks to their premature exposure to stimulating films, their sex instincts were stirred into life years sooner than used to be the case with boys and girls from good homes, and as

a result, in many the love chase has come to be the master interest in life."

A national committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs has reviewed over two hundred popular movies, and reports that less than twenty per cent were fit for children. New York, Chicago, and other cities have a movie censorship, but the things left in are almost as bad as the things cut out.

FAITH AND FEELING

Mella Russell McCallum, who calls herself "an atheist, certainly an agnostic," says in an issue of Plain Talk some months ago:

"Faith is a wonderful feeling. When one is sure, one can let the rest of the world go hang. But as things stand with me now—it is I who must go hang. Not having any God on whom to cast my burdens—I must struggle with them alone—must myself be God. And I feel very inadequate at the task."

We might remark several things about this plaintive cry of one whose misery seems to be so genuine.

1. If faith were only a wonderful feeling—there would be few people who could let the rest of the world go hang, at least for very long. A change in the weather, a troublesome corn, a headache, a stock-market crash—these things play havoc with wonderful feelings. Yet faith remains. It is not feeling. It is, as St. Paul philosophically remarks, the evidence of things that appear not; also, we might add, of things that are not felt. And evidence cannot be denied.

2. It is said to be quite a common thing for persons who set out for some destination in a forest, to become lost, to walk around in a circle, and end up in the exact spot from where they had set out. But I never heard of one such person claiming, as they spied the starting point again, that they had finally reached their destination. Miss McCallum, having set out with a number of burdens which she did not impose upon herself, to seek the One Who did impose them—Who could probably have lightened or lifted them—walked around in a little circle and returned to herself. So she must be God.

3. But being one's own God is not quite satisfactory. Inadequacy is too palpable, too inescapable a drawback. So, perhaps, some day the

lady will set out again—this time taking the compass of reason—not of feeling—as a guide. And she will not walk around in a circle—but will come to her destination—which is God.

TACTICS OF BIGOTRY

The Federal Education Bill that has so long been thwarted by great educators and well-informed Congressmen—and that has nevertheless been so steadily fostered and reproduced by a certain class, is once more pushed forward under the name of the Capper-Robsion Bill. Its aim is practically the same and its essential note is Federal or Centralized control of Education.

But there is a phase to the present advocacy of the Bill that has a decidedly bad odor.

In the first place, Senators Capper and Robsion appealed for aid to the Fellowship Forum in a letter signed by themselves, asking it to line up all the “patriotic and fraternal forces.” Everybody knows the Fellowship Forum—a frankly un-American paper, because frankly bigoted.

In the second place the supporters of the Bill are trying to make out the opposition to the bill to be purely Catholic. They conceal the true fact that the opposition is really and outspokenly on political lines and that it is shared by such non-Catholic Educators as the Presidents of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Michigan and Columbia Universities on exactly the same grounds.

A member of President Hoover's own Cabinet, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, himself declares emphatically that:

“There is a distinct menace in the centralization in the national government of any large educational scheme. Abnormal power to standardize and crystallize education, which would accompany financial power, would be more damaging to local aspirations and local self-respect and to state government and state self-respect than any assistance that might come from the funds.” He is opposed to it.

Now, why is it that the supporters of the Capper-Robsion Bill drag in the Religious issue and stamp opposition as simply Catholic?

Two-thirds of human existence are wasted in hesitation, and the last in repenting.

Catholic Events

The annual report sent by the Redemptorist Fathers of the St. Louis Province to their headquarters in Rome contains the following record of apostolic labors done during the year 1929:

Two hundred and thirty-four Missions; 7 Renewals of Missions; 62 Novenas; 23 Triduca; 131 Forty Hour Devotions; 3 Retreats to Priests; 2 Retreats to Religious Men; 80 Retreats to Sisters; 4 Retreats to Seminarians; 6 Retreats to College Boys; 30 Retreats to College Girls; and 57 Retreats given either to entire parishes or to different classes and societies of our Catholic laity.

The number of Confessions heard during these exercises totaled 190,177.

Moreover, during the year (1929) the following parochial work was done by the Fathers in the fifteen establishments entrusted to their care:

Baptisms, 2,179; Marriages, 811; Funerals, 897; Holy Communions distributed, 1,313,550.

The number of boys and girls in the schools attached to their foundations is 11,177.

* * *

As we go to press word has reached us of the death of Mr. Maurus Zeller, at Chicago. He was the father of our esteemed Rev. Editor, as well as of two other Redemptorist priests and two Sisters, one with the Notre Dame Sisters of Milwaukee and the other with the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, Donaldson, Indiana. We ask our readers to remember this man of merits in their prayers.

* * *

The Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith has just published a new survey of the mission field. The volume, printed by the Vatican Polyglot Press, totals 546 octavo pages.

The missionary personnel in 1927 totaled 46,174, including 12,952 priests, foreign and native born, secular and religious, 5,110 Brothers and 28,112 Sisters. These at the date given were distributed in 374 ecclesiastical divisions in 81 countries and hailed from 51 different nationalities.

There are 281 Bishops in mission lands and 91 prefects. Of the priests 8,030 are listed as foreign missionaries, 4,305 are native clergy, while for 609 no distinction is made in the returns. Of the Brothers 3,222 are foreign born, 1,314 are native born, and distinction is not made for 574. Among the Sisters 13,929 are foreign born, 11,399 are native born, while 2,784 are listed without distinction. This gives a listed total of 2,189 foreign missionaries and 17,018 native-born

religious workers, men and women, while 3,967 are listed without distinction.

Among the lay workers there are 51,507 catechists, 38,679 teachers, and 25,684 baptizers.

For the first time the survey gives the medical workers, listing 222 doctors laboring in mission medical institutions and 855 trained nurses.

The grand total of workers in mission fields is 163,615, the equal of the city of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The total Catholic population of mission lands under the Propaganda is 13,345,373. In Europe, particularly in Scandinavia and in the southeastern area of the continent, Propaganda cares for 1,041,399; in India and Burma, 2,172,340; in Indochina, 1,237,399; in China, 2,373,677; in the Japanese Empire, 206,754; in Malasia and Oceania, 596,534; in Africa, 3,202,993; while in the missionary regions in the Americas under the Congregation there are 2,280,541. The survey shows that there was an increase in Catholics throughout this vast area of 479,055 from June, 1926, to June, 1927.

Churches and chapels in the mission world are totaled as 45,826.

There are 103 major seminaries in the mission world with 2,495 seminaries, and 206 minor seminaries with 7,476 pupils. Catechist training schools of every type are 638 with 14,896 candidates. Normal schools are 156 with 8,032 candidates. Schools of every class from elementary to college and university, numbered 31,418 with 1,521,710 pupils.

Formidable figures appear for charitable institutions. Hospitals of every class total 691 with 283,505 reported inmates during the year, while dispensaries are 1,848, and treatments reported are 11,066,749. Orphan asylums are 1,525, with 81,240 orphans; homes for the aged are 299 with 11,332 inmates; leper asylums are 81, with 14,060 lepers; while other institutions total 134, with 9,966 inmates. Thus institutions for the unfortunate, hospitals and dispensaries excepted, are 2,039 and those cared for total 116,598.

Mission presses total 164.

* * *

"Cedarholme," which was once the home of Charles Dickens, in St. Margaret's Road, Twickenham, London, has been bought by the Catholic authorities for use as a temporary church, and it is reported that a permanent church will be built in the grounds.

* * *

St. Ann's Academy, Albany, N. Y., has been awarded a silver cup by an Albany evening newspaper for having had the largest number of students win individual prizes in an essay contest conducted in connection with the celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Nine pupils from St. Ann's won either prizes or honorable mention.

* * *

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, at the beginning of Lent, received the Lenten preachers of the Eternal City in an audience, at which he de-

livered a discourse, according to an ancient custom, recommending subjects for their discourses.

This discourse of the Pope's was made the subject of a special and rather indignant editorial in the *Chicago Tribune*, as being impertinent, since the Holy Father took it upon himself, first to admonish Protestant Americans, and secondly, on a false supposition that our youth needs some correction. Unfortunately, the Holy Father did not address Americans, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, in this discourse. He did not mention the United States or America by name, and even non-Catholic authorities admit that our American youth are not beyond all reproach and need of admonition.

* * *

Word has just been received that the Very Rev. John Francis Cuvelier, C.Ss.R., has been named Prefect Apostolic of Matadi, in the Belgian Congo.

* * *

Another Anglican Clergyman has joined the Church. Mr. Vernon Angus Dean was received in Liverpool, England, by Father Martindale, S.J. Mr. Dean, who was educated at the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, was ordained for the London diocese in 1928, since when he has served as a curate at St. Mary's, Paddington, London.

* * *

The Catholic Radio Hour, a program sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, to be broadcasted every Sunday, has been commended in hundreds of letters received from every part of the country. Twenty-eight stations are broadcasting it.

* * *

The will of His Eminence, Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val, was opened on March 2, and it expressed the desire to be buried with the utmost simplicity and as near as possible to the most beloved Pope Pius X, whom he served as Secretary of State. If this could not be effected, "and understand I am not worthy of it," said his eminence in his will, he desired to be buried in his titular church.

The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, being informed of the desire expressed in the deceased Cardinal's will, consented to placing the tomb of His Eminence in the Vatican crypt near the tomb of Pius X.

Cardinal Merry del Val bequeathed his entire estate to the Congregation of the Propaganda for poor missions, and excluded any other purpose.

* * *

The Salesian Bishop, Msgr. Versiglia, Father Caravario and three Chinese nuns were killed by a band of Red Communists. They were on their way to Suipin, when they were attacked and carried off to the mountains. The Italian Government presented a formal protest to the Nanking Government in connection with the crime, asking the immediate arrest of the persons responsible for the massacre. The deaths of the Bishop and priests brings the total of Catholic martyrs in China for the year to ten.

Some Good Books

Fool's Pilgrimage. A Novel. By Herbert J. Scheibl. Published by B. Herder Co. 276 pages. Price, \$2.00.

A college lad meets romance and success—"such stuff as Dreams are made of." But love comes poisoned. And the struggle of dying faith and ideals presents a poignant tragedy. But it does not die—nor love either—but what a resurrection!

Here is a story of unusual power and fascination. Steeped in action and changing scenes and fates, yet with breathing spaces to think things over—written in a style that has distinction and freshness, yet avoids the nonsensical staccato and disconnectedness of the best-seller sensational—this novel marks a real event in our Catholic American Literature. It holds you because it gives you something to think about.

Study Outlines on Saint Mark's Gospel. By J. B. Tunelly, S. S. D. D. Published by the National Council of Catholic Women. Washington, D. C. Paper cover. 18 pages. Price, 5 cents.

The N. C. C. W. have for some time been espousing the Study Club idea. Having seen some of these clubs at work, I can say it is a splendid venture; in fact, is fast growing to be an achievement. Great good must come out of it. Clubs that take up, for instance, the study of St. Mark's Gospel with the aid of this guide cannot fail to find pleasure and profit. No doubt further studies will follow. Try this one.

In Xavier Lands. By Neil Boynton, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 175 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Those who read "In God's Country," published some years ago, have already seen this series of short stories, for they formed the second part of that volume. But still we think it a splendid idea to reissue them separately. The stories are so good and interesting and wholesome that they bear reading repeatedly. They all have a missionary background—India, where St. Francis Xavier worked and died—and today, as always, the missions tend to awaken the idealism that sleeps in all youth. They are full of

adventure—and adventure that does not seem futile and useless like that in most adventure stories. There is no doubt in my mind that boys and girls alike will enjoy this book.

Immortality. Essays on the Problem of Life After Death. By the Rev. Theodore Mainage, O.P. Translated from the 4th French Edition by the Rev. J. M. Lelen. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. 273 pages. Price, \$2.25.

A treatise on Immortality is needed very much in these days of rampant materialism. But Father Mainage, the learned Dominican Professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, has not given us a mere treatise, dry as dust, and repellent to our modern taste.

He presents us here with a series of lectures that sparkle with life. There are, possibly, no new arguments for Immortality; the old ones, familiar to reason and faith ever since the problem troubled man's mind, are quite sufficient.

However, here they are presented with a freshness of viewpoint and an up-to-dateness of application that give them new force and persuasion. A tone of fairness to the other view only adds to its effectiveness.

Heart Talks with Jesus. Third Series. Compiled by Rosalie Marie Levy. Published by the Compiler, Box 158, Sta. D., New York. 177 pages. Flexible leather cover, gilt edges. Postpaid, \$1.10.

There is a special charm in seed-thoughts—short paragraphs or sentences that frame a valuable thought in language at once emphatic and appealing. There are moments, too, when such thoughts are all that we can bear.

Miss Levy shows her deep spirituality and insight into character by the selection of quotations she has made. Arranged for each day of the year, they will make a handy meditation book for busy people.

Start the day right! If you start it with a thought from "Heart Talks with Jesus" you will be starting it right.

The appearance of the book—small, beautifully bound and printed—makes it moreover a book you treasure.

Lucid Intervals

A small restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear a young salesman criticize a pie one day.

"Pie, young feller? Why I made pies before you were born."

"Well, why sell 'em now?"

"Who's the absent-minded one now?" said the professor in triumphant tones suddenly producing a couple of umbrellas from under his arm, as he and his wife were returning from church. "You forgot your umbrella, and I remembered not only mine, but yours as well."

His wife gazed blankly at him.

"But," she said, "neither of us brought one!"

"Did father leave an order with you this morning for a load of wood?" asked a strange but attractive young lady of a well-known planing millman.

"I don't know, miss," he replied. "There was a gentleman in who said to deliver a load to a driver who would call and said it was for Mr. Zell."

"Yes, thank you," said she, "I'm Gladys Zell."

"Eh, what?" gulped the millman.

"I'm Gladys Zell," she repeated.

"Oh, yes of course," he replied, "so'm I."

Mandy married a worthless chap who even refused to deliver the washings she took in. One day she was talking to a white woman about the shiftless man she had.

"Is he older than you are, Mandy?" asked the lady.

"Yas sum, dat no account am 12 years older den Ah am!"

"Then," sympathized the lady, "it must be a case of May having married December."

"No ma'am, it ain't dat. It am mo' like Labor Day done married to April Fool!" sighed Mandy.

"Do you like corn on the ear?"

"I never had one there."

"Are all Pullman porters called George?"

"Well, one dropped a suitcase on my foot today."

"Yeah?"

"That one wasn't called George."

The jackass, he are a lovely bird,
He hair are long and thick.
He are mostly ears and head,
But a lot of he are kick.

Bobby—"Can't I change my name today, ma?"

Mother—"What in the world do you want to change your name for?"

Bobby—"Cause pa said he will whip me when he gets home as sure as my name's Robert."

Girl: "We want to buy a ticket."

Ticket Agent: "But there are two of you."

Girl: "Well, we're half-sisters. Just add that up."

Boss—"What are you two doing walking so slowly up those stairs?"

Midnite—"We's workin' boss. We's carryin' dis desk up stairs."

Boss—"I don't see any desk."

Midnite—"Fo' de Lord's sake, Carbon, we done forgot de desk."

Darkey: "Doc, I'se jest been bit by a dawg."

Doctor: "Well, well. Was he a rabid dog?"

Darkey: "Nassah, doc, he was jest a plain old bird dog."

A drunk was passing a subway excavation when he stopped for a moment and called down to the man in the pit: "Shay, watcha doin'?"

"We're building a subway," one of the laborers replied.

"How long is it goin' take to build it?" promptly inquired the drunk.

"Eight years," was the response.

"Eight years! (hic). I'll take a taxicab."

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